MIKE COSTA • RENATO CAMILO • RON ADRIAN

LOOKERS™

#0

DIGITAL

BOUNDLESS™

2016
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HE MALE GAZE.

AS THE SAYING GOES, IT'S AS OLD AS THE *HILLS*.

AND *LIKE* THE HILLS, IT HASN'T BEEN GROUND DOWN SO MUCH AS *PAVED OVER*.

let me see your feet

CIVILIZATION, DEMOCRACY, FREEDOM OF CHOICE...

yeahhhh dirty bitch

NEW FORMS, SAME SENTIMENT.

IT'S 2016, AND THE MALE GAZE IS A *WEBCAM*.

YOU *LIKE* FEET, DON'T YOU BEN?

ERRR... WHAT?

I BET YOU'RE WONDERING "HOW DOES SHE KNOW MY NAME?" WE KNOW *ALL* YOUR NAMES, BEN.

SOLESURVIVOR ON WIKIFEET, THAT ONE'S EASY. BUT ALSO BARONSTINKCOCK ON REDDIT. SARGONTHEGREAT, MASTERBASTER, AND CLAMBAKER ON TWITTER.

DOZENS OF OTHERS ON TWITTER IN FACT, USED FOR JUST A DAY OR TWO EACH. NOT TO MENTION ALL THE ANONYMOUS POSTS TO 4CHAN.

WE EVEN KNOW YOUR *ADDRESS*--

Log Out

NO FUCKING WAY SHE KNOWS MY--

ON THE FLOOR!

OH FUCK!
OH FUCK!

OH GOD, *PLEASE!* I HAVEN'T DONE ANYTHING! I'M BEING *SWATED!*

*SWAT*ED? THAT'S WHEN A FALSE CALL IS PUT IN TO THE POLICE IN ORDER TO SEND A *SWAT* TEAM TO A HOUSE TO TERRIFY SOMEONE YOU'RE HARASSING ONLINE?

OH, CHRIST. YES! YOU'VE HEARD OF IT! THANK GOD.

SURE I'VE *HEARD* OF IT. YOU YOURSELF DID IT TO AN ONLINE JOURNALIST AMBER STEWART. AND YOU DOXXED THREE OTHER WOMEN ON THE SAME SITE.

WHAT? HOW DID YOU-- I MEAN-- WAIT...

WHAT DO YOU THINK? IF I PULL THE TRIGGER ON THIS, ANY BRAINS GONNA COME OUT, OR JUST *BILE?*

OH, SHIT. PLEASE... I THINK I SHIT MYSELF.

WAIT. SHOULDN'T THERE BE MORE *GUYS* HERE?

THE GUYS COULDN'T MAKE IT TODAY.

SAY "CHEESE!"

YOU'RE A VILE PIECE OF SHIT, BEN.

I SEE *ANY* ONLINE ACTIVITY FROM YOU OTHER THAN A "HAPPY BIRTHDAY" POST TO YOUR MOM ON *FACEBOOK*, THIS PICTURE OF YOU CRYING WITH PANTS FULL OF *SHIT* GOES OUT TO EVERY SCUMFUCK ONLINE COMMUNITY YOU USED TO CRAWL AROUND IN.

HEY, *FUCK YOU*, BITCH! IS THAT GUN EVEN *REAL?*

NO. OF COURSE NOT.

AAGHH!

BUT THIS IS.

MIKE COSTA • RENATO CAMILO • RON ADRIAN

LOOKERS

UCH. I NEED A *SHOWER.*

"The Pussy Palace"
Arts district, Los Angeles.
Exact location unknown.

WELL, YOU SHOULDN'T WEAR THAT THING ALL THE WAY HOME. IT'S TOO HOT! AND YOU'RE IMPERSONATING A POLICE OFFICER!

IT'S NOT A REAL UNIFORM. IT'S *COSPLAY.* THIS IS A SCREEN-ACCURATE ARMOR OF MADDOKA FROM THE FINAL EPISODES OF "FUKANŌNA SEIGI NO KEISATSU KUESUTO!"

MICHELLE NICHOLS
SOCIAL MEDIA CONSULTANT

TANYA NICHOLS
PIN-UP MODEL, CAM-GIRL

SHONA BERNARD
BARTENDER, CAM-GIRL, GIRLFRIEND OF TANYA

WHAT THE *FUCK?!*

MATT!

I THOUGHT YOU WERE SOME *PERV!*

I *AM* SOME PERV!

WHEN DID YOU GET HERE?

JUST A FEW MINUTES AGO. I KNOW I'M NOT ALLOWED HERE WHILE YOU'RE SISTER IS DOING HER SHOWS WITH SHONA.

EXACTLY, BECAUSE THAT''D BE *CREEPY*. YOU CAN'T WATCH MY SISTER'S *SEX SHOWS*.

RELATIONSHIPS THRIVE ON *HEALTHY BOUNDIRES*.

SO MAYBE WE CAN DO A SHOW OF OUR *OWN*.

YOU KNOW I DON'T *DO* THAT. THOSE VIDEOS ARE JUST FOR *YOU*, I NEED TO KEEP MY PRIVATE LIFE *PRIVATE*.

STILL. I DO HAVE *THESE*...

OOOOHHHGGAAWWWDD

YOU *SURE* THEY'RE OKAY IN THERE?

EIGHTEEN MONTHS OF CRAZY NOISES COMING OUT OF THAT ROOM, AND I HAVEN'T HEARD THE SAFE-WORD *ONCE*.

THEY'RE *CONSENTING ADULTS*. JUST TURN ON THE NEW CATE LE BRON ALBUM. I'LL MAKE YOU LIKE IT IF IT *KILLS* ME.

UNNNGGGG*FUCK*

EW, NO. I'D RATHER LISTEN TO *THIS*.

ONE DAY, YOU'RE GOING TO CRACK. AND ON THAT DAY, I'LL DANCE.

SO, SHOULD WE TALK ABOUT IT?

WHAT? YOUR SHITTY TASTE IN MUSIC? I LOVE YOU ANYWAY.

NO. THE FACT THAT YOUR SISTER JUST GOT BACK FROM *KICKING* SOME GUYS *ASS*.

YEAH. A *SHITBAG* WHO HAD IT *COMING*.

NO DOUBT. THEY'VE *ALL* HAD IT COMING. I'M NOT ARGUING. IT'S JUST...

DOES IT MAKE *THIS* LESS SPECIAL? WHAT WE HAVE?

IF WE DO IT AS *DISTRACTION*, AND *BAIT*, FOR SHITHEADS AND *PREADATORS*...

WHAT WE HAVE IS JUST BETWEEN *US*. ONLY *WE* GET TO DEFINE HOW SPECIAL IT IS. NOT CAM AUDIENCES, JESUS CHRIST, OR PRESIDENT DONALD FUCKING *TRUMP*.

HOW DO *YOU* FEEL ABOUT IT?

SOMETIMES I GET WORRIED ABOUT IT. BUT MOSTLY IT MAKES ME FEEL *GOOD*.

I JUST LIKE TO KNOW I CAN *TALK* ABOUT IT, YOU KNOW.

I LOVE TALKING ABOUT *EVERYTHING* WITH YOU. I'M NOT WITH YOU JUST FOR THOSE *TITS*.

BITCH.

I LOVE YOU.

VRRT

YEAH?

MICHELLE?

VANESSA? WHAT IS IT? WHAT'S WRONG?

I THINK I *FUCKED UP.*

... AND HE CALLED ME A *CUNT* WHO *BROKE HIS HEART*. I MEAN, WE'D ONLY BEEN *SEEING* EACH OTHER FOR LIKE *THREE MONTHS!*

I CAN'T *BELIEVE* I LET HIM VIDEO US. I'M *SO STUPID*.

OKAY, LOOK. *FIRST* OF ALL, YOU DIDN'T DO ANYTHING *WRONG*.

WELL, MAYBE YOU SHOULDN'T HAVE SUCKED HIS BROTHER'S DICK.

OKAY. FAIR. MAYBE YOU SHOULDN'T HAVE DONE THAT. THAT'S LIKE A SERIOUS BOUNDARY THING.

AND YOU SHOULDN'T BE DATING A *TEMP*. I MEAN, *JESUS CHRIST*, WHAT DOES HE RIDE TO WORK, *WHEELIE SHOES?*

OKAY, THAT'S NOT HELPFUL. SHE CAN DATE WHOMEVER--

ANYWAY. WHAT I'M SAYING HERE IS, YOU DID *NOT* "FUCK UP." *THIS* GUY IS RESPONSIBLE FOR WHATEVER SHITTY THING HE'S THREATENING TO DO, NOT *YOU*.

BUT IF THESE VIDEOS GET OUT...

I MEAN, I'M WEARING A COSTUME IN ONE OF THEM.

YOU CAN STOP HIM, RIGHT? THAT'S WHAT YOU GUYS DO.

ER... I MEAN, I WORK IN SOCIAL MEDIA, BUT I'M NOT A *HACKER*. IF HE'S SENDING THIS STUFF OFF HIS PHONE, I CAN'T EXACTLY STOP THAT.

NO, HE SAID HE'S GONNA PUT IT ON THE *WORK* SERVER. THAT'S AN *INTRA* NET.

I DON'T KNOW WHAT THAT IS.

SO... YOU DON'T WANT US TO USE OUR INTERNET SKILLS. YOU WANT US TO CHASE HIM DOWN ON HIS WAY TO YOUR OFFICE AND, WHAT? KICK HIS ASS?

I GUESS... YEAH. *COULD* YOU?

scepter
TOWER

FUCK.

HOW DO WE GET IN WITHOUT A KEY-CARD?

COME ON, YOU SERIOUS?

HOLY--!

IF YOU LET MY SISTER INSIDE TO TALK TO THE DUDE WHO JUST CAME IN HERE, I'LL HANG OUT WITH YOU NAKED THE WHOLE TIME.

DEAL.

WHICH FLOOR DID HE GO TO? *PCR* ACCOUNTS?

UH, SIXTH.

THANKS.

I *THOUGHT* I SAW A TERMINAL IN USE UPSTAIRS.

I DON'T KNOW YOU. AREN'T YOU SOME *TEMP?* WHY ARE YOU HERE ON A *WEEKEND?*

IS THAT YOUR PHONE HOOKED UP TO A *WORK TERMINAL? THAT'S* CERTAINLY NOT ALLOWED. HAND THAT TO ME.

I JUST WAS DOING SOME WORK. PLEASE DON'T CALL MY *AGENCY* ABOUT THIS. I REALLY NEED THIS--

WAIT.

ARE YOU WEARING *LEATHER PANTS* AND *SPIKED SHOES?*

YOU'RE NOT *UPPER MANAGEMENT.* I DON'T HAVE TO--

HEY!

TOO LATE! FUCK YOU!

GIVE IT BACK, BITCH!

OW!

MUY THAI, MOTHER*FUCKER!*

I DON'T KNOW WHAT'S MORE PATHETIC... THE FACT THAT YOU DON'T KNOW HOW TO BACK UP TO THE *CLOUD*, OR THAT YOU WERE SCARED OF LOSING YOUR GIG AT A *TEMP AGENCY*.

I WORK IN SOCIAL MEDIA.

CONSIDER YOUR LINKDIN PROFILE *FUCKED*, YOU WALKING TURD.

I MEAN, DUDE'S A *TEMP*. HE PROBABLY DOESN'T *HAVE* A LINKDIN PROFILE, BUT I WANTED TO SAY SOMETHING *COOL*, YOU KNOW?

TWO D-BAG ASSES KICKED TODAY!

PROUD OF YOU, BABE. MY GIRLFRIEND IS LIKE A SUPER-HERO.

WELL, SUPER-HEROING DOESN'T PAY THE BILLS. SHONDA AND I HAVE A SHOW IN A HALF-HOUR.

YEAH. AND I SHOULD GET BACK TO WORK ON THE COSTUME I'M BUILDING. CONVENTION'S IN THREE WEEKS.

I CAN TAKE A HINT. I'LL HEAD HOME.

AND MATT?

YEAH, BABE?

AW, BUT JUST FOR NOW. I'LL SEE YOU TOMORROW.

THANKS FOR BEING ONE OF THE GOOD ONES.

FUCK YEAH, BABY. LET'S SEE THOSE TITS.

OOOOH YEAH...

DUNBARS#: What the fuck happened today?

INSIDEMATT: The bitches humiliated some troll and saved some cunt from getting her phone hacked.

DUNBARS#: Aren't you supposed to be preventing this kind of shit?

INSIDEMATT: No, my job isn't to prevent nobodies from getting shamed. My job is to DESTROY these bitches. And I will.

INSIDEMATT: I will.

MATT WOOD
IT SPECIALIST
BOYFRIEND OF
MICHELLE

CLANDESTINE
MEMBER OF
DUNBARS#

TO BE CONTINUED...

PANDORA / LOOKERS

GATES OF PARADISE

RYP

SILKY AND SMOOTH, HER CLOTHES SLIDE RIGHT OFF.

ALL THE BURDENS OF HER LIFE DRIFT TO THE FLOOR, CAST AWAY LIKE LEAVES IN THE FALL.

SHE FEELS FREE FOR THE FIRST TIME IN YEARS.

THE FUTURE IS WARM AND INVITING...

...BECAUSE IT WILL BE SO VERY SHORT.

THE STING IS MOMENTARY. A SMALL PRICE TO PAY FOR LIBERATION.

SHE SLIDES BACK INTO THE WARM EMBRACE OF THE WATER, ALL HER TROUBLES DRAINING SLOWLY FROM THE SLITS IN HER WRISTS.

A CALMNESS ENVELOPES HER, A SERENITY SURPASSING ANY SHE HAS EVER KNOWN.

SHE USES THE LAST OF HER STRENGTH TO SMILE. THIS MOMENT WILL LAST FOREVER.

I AM HERE TO **COLLECT** THAT WHICH YOU HAVE FORSAKEN.

YOU WILL NOT FIND WHAT COMES NEXT SO ENJOYABLE. SUICIDE ENDS IN DAMNATION, AND THAT MEANS YOU BELONG TO THE FIRST DEMON TO STAKE A CLAIM!

NO!

"NO?" YOUR WAILS ARE PATHETIC. I WILL TEACH YOU TO SCREAM.

LOOKERS

GATES OF PARADISE

BUT COME, YOU CAN EXPERIENCE THE HORRORS OF THE UNDERWORLD FIRSTHAND.

THIS CAN'T BE HAPPENING! I DON'T EVEN BELIEVE IN HEAVEN OR HELL!

HA!

YOU THINK I CARE WHAT YOU BELIEVE? DISBELIEF MAKES ME STRONGER.

GREETINGS, VULCAN.

BESET-- WHAT DO YOU WANT?

I HAVE A CANDIDATE FOR THE **DESPAIR PROJECT.**

INDEED! BUT... SHE'S STILL ALIVE.

I MOVED QUICKLY. I WISH TO INSERT HER BACK INTO THE MATERIAL PLANE, WHERE SHE WILL HAVE ACCESS TO THE FRESH SOULS WE NEED TO CONSUMMATE OUR PLAN.

THIS IS GOING TO HURT QUITE A LOT.

EXCELLENT.

FINE. WE'LL START WITH HER EXOSKELETON.

NO, STOP!

AAAAIIIIIEEEEEE!

SHE WILL BE THE PERFECT HERALD FOR MY CAMPAIGN AGAINST EARTH... AND WHAT LIES BEYOND!

THE HAMPTON'S BISTRO

...BUT WHEN ZEUS RETURNED TO CRETE THE FOLLOWING WEEK, HE FOUND EUROPA IN THE FIELD MAKING LOVE TO ANOTHER BULL-- A REAL ONE THIS TIME.

HA HA HA HA

WE MUST GET TOGETHER LIKE THIS MORE OFTEN, PANDORA.

ABSOLUTELY. I HAVEN'T LAUGHED THIS HARD IN EONS.

POLICE

NYPD

MUDVYNE

A POLICE CAR! SOMETHING'S HAPPENING-- WE MAY BE NEEDED.

WILL YOU RELAX? LET THE POLICE HANDLE IT. YOU NEED A CHANCE TO UNWIND.

PERHAPS YOU'RE RIGHT. I'VE BEEN THROUGH SO MUCH, SOMETIMES I FEEL LIKE I'M JUST WAITING FOR THE NEXT CATASTROPHE TO STRIKE.

I THINK THIS MAY BE SERIOUS. WE SHOULD INVESTIGATE.

UNLESS PROMETHEUS HIMSELF SHOWS UP CLAIMING PRIOR RESERVATION FOR THIS TABLE, YOU'RE NOT GOING ANYWHERE.

BUT--

SIT DOWN. WE'RE NOT GOING TO DRAW OUR WEAPONS AND LEAP INTO THE UNKNOWN. WE'RE GOING TO TRY SOMETHING NEW. WE'RE GOING TO DISCUSS IT.

THE WORLD IS A SCARY PLACE TO LIVE AND WE MORTALS ARE AN UNPREDICTABLE LOT, BUT WE HAVE BEEN KNOWN TO WORK THINGS OUT FOR OURSELVES NOW AND THEN.

YOU DON'T HAVE TO PERSONALLY RUN OUT AND FIX EVERY PROBLEM YOU SEE, PANDORA. IT'S OKAY TO TAKE A LITTLE DOWN-TIME. SAVE YOUR ENERGY FOR YOUR OWN DEMONS.

WILL THERE BE ANYTHING MORE, LADIES?

JUST THE CHECK, THANKS.

RYAN

WHAT IF AN UNDEAD CREATURE APPEARS AND ATTACKS OUR WAITER? SHOULDN'T WE INTERVENE?

AAAH!

RYAN

I SUPPOSE THAT QUALIFIES. WE SHOULD PROBABLY HELP HIM OUT.

UNHAND OUR WAITER. HIS SERVICE WAS EXEMPLARY.

TH-THANK YOU!

WE HAVE A LOT MORE ZOMBIES, WRAITHS, AND GHOULS WANDERING IN OFF THE STREET.

TOOL

LET'S DESTROY THESE MONSTROSITIES AND SET THEIR SPIRITS AT EASE.

9 INCH

ARE YOU SURE OF THIS, VULCAN? CAN YOU TRULY OPEN THE GATES OF PARADISE?

MY PANTHEON RULED THIS EARTH WHEN YOU WERE STILL A DEMI-MAGGOT, WALLOWING IN THE CHARNEL PITS, BESET. I KNOW WHEREOF I SPEAK.

ONCE WE'VE COLLECTED ENOUGH SOULS, WE CAN SLIP THE HOLY SEALS AND HEAVEN ITSELF WILL BE OURS FOR THE TAKING.

THE SWORD DESPAIR DRINKS SOULS LIKE BACCHUS DRINKS WINE. I KNOW, BECAUSE I CRAFTED IT.

WHILE THE BLADE WAS ON MY FORGE, PROMETHEUS ENCHANTED IT TO FOREVER BIND THE ESSENCE OF THE ELDER VAMPIRE KNOWN AS DESPAIR.

THIS POWER IS NOT FOR YOU. WE PLAY FOR *GREATER* STAKES.

CAREFUL. SUCH A SWORD CAN KILL EVEN AN *IMMORTAL*.

THIS SUICIDAL GIRL, HALF ALIVE, HALF DEAD, WILL BE OUR PAWN ON EARTH.

HER RAGE WILL BE CHANNELED THROUGH THE SWORD. SHE WILL COLLECT THE SOULS WE NEED.

LOOKERS

GATES OF PARADISE
PART 2

YOUR NAME SHALL BE MIZERY. GO FORTH AND EARN IT.

POLICE

F97 618

MA'AM... ARE YOU OKAY?

NO!

YES.

POWER... FLOODING INTO ME...

LIFE UNDILUTED BY FLESH, A SUCCULENT DROUGHT OF THE

OH, YES... OH, LORD...

SOULS STRIPPED NAKED AND CONSUMED BY DARKNESS.

OH... OH... OH... OOOOH

EMBRACE THE SENSUAL PLEASURES OF DAMNATION.

HA HA HA HAAAA!

DEATH BE OUR LOVER.

FOR EVERY LIFE WHICH IS TAKEN, A SPARK OF EVIL IS LEFT BEHIND.

OUR EVIL FESTERS IN THE FLESH OF OUR SACRIFICES.

COME AND DIE FOR US.

WE MUST HAVE MORE!

DIE, SO YOU CAN GO FORTH AND KILL AGAIN!

KILL AND KILL AND KILL, UNTIL LIFE IS EXTINGUISHED, UNTIL ALL THE REMAINS IS *DEATH!*

NOT FAR AWAY.

I DON'T KNOW WHY THESE DEAD STILL WALK, BUT I WILL DISPATCH THEM BACK TO THE SHORES OF ACHERON.

THAT'S FAR AWAY, RIGHT?

IT'S IN *HADES*.

IMPUDENT ZOMBIES!

HI, MICHELLE! PANDORA AND I RAN INTO A SITUATION DOWNTOWN AND I WAS WONDERING IF YOU HAD TIME TO LEND A HAND?

SOUNDS LIKE FUN. IS THAT *GUNFIRE* I HEAR IN THE BACKGROUND?

HOLD ON, I HAVE TO ANSWER THE DOOR.

YES?

I'M GONNA HAVE TO CALL YOU BACK, GIRLFRIEND. SOMETHING JUST CAME UP.

SHE'S NOT GOING TO BE ANY HELP.

DON'T WORRY. I SENSE THE SOURCE OF THIS ATROCITY NEARBY.

OH, WELL, THAT MAKES ME FEEL MUCH BETTER.

YOUR SARCASM BELIES YOUR FEAR, TANYA, YET YOU FOLLOW ME INTO BATTLE WITHOUT HESITATION. THANK YOU.

HEY, WHAT ARE FRIENDS FOR?

OH, LORD... LOOK AT ALL THESE *DEAD PEOPLE!*

NOT *QUITE* DEAD, ACTUALLY.

SOMEONE IS KILLING ALL THESE PEOPLE AND STEALING THEIR SOULS, TRANSFORMING THEM INTO UNDEAD. THE QUESTION IS... *WHO?*

LOOK NO FURTHER, GIFTED ONE.

VULCAN CREATED US BOTH ON HIS FORGE, BUT WHILE THE GODS BESTOWED THEIR VIRTUES UPON YOU, I WAS CAST IN CORRUPTION AND DESPAIR.

I DESPISE ***EVERYTHING*** YOU STAND FOR. I WILL ***DESTROY*** YOU!

GAZE AT THE FACE OF *MIZERY*, AND DESPAIR...

IT'S THE LAST THING YOU WILL EVER SEE.

I KNOW NOT WHAT KIND OF MONSTER YOU ARE, OR WHAT ABSCESS OF HADES YOU CRAWLED FROM, BUT I AM HERE TO STOP YOUR RAMPAGE!

LOOKERS

GATES OF PARADISE
PART 3

DIE! YOU MUST DIE TO FEED THE SWORD!

I AM NOT SACRIFICIAL FODDER...

...I AM A WARRIOR FORGED IN FIRE BY THE GODS.

AND WHO ARE YOU? YOU MENTIONED VULCAN... ARE YOU ANOTHER OF HIS PLAYTHINGS?

I AM MIZERY.

AND I AM NOBODY'S PLAYTHING!

AAAH!

THE SWORD... SO *COLD*...

DESPAIR DRAINS YOUR POWER. DESPAIR DRINKS YOUR SOUL.

YOU DO HAVE A SOUL, DON'T YOU?

AND HOW ABOUT YOU? DO PSYCHO-BITCHES HAVE *BRAINS?* LET'S SAY WE PULL THE TRIGGER AND FIND OUT.

OR YOU CAN SHOW US THE EASY WAY AND PUT THAT SWORD DOWN REAL SLOW.

TANYA, NO, SHE'S TOO POWERFUL.

DON'T WORRY, I HAVE HER.

YOU HAVE NOTHING!

ALL YOU PATHETIC HUMANS HAVE *NOTHING*. YOUR LIVES ARE EMPTY AND MEANINGLESS.

NO!

ONCE I THOUGHT AS YOU DID, THAT MORTALS WERE FAR BELOW GODS AND DEMI-GODS AND DEMONS IN THE COSMIC SCHEMA...

BUT MY TIME ON EARTH HAS TAUGHT ME THAT HUMANS HAVE MUCH MORE TO OFFER. LOVE, COMPASSION, FRIENDSHIP, HONOR...

...LIFE!

NOOOO!

ALL THE THINGS YOU'VE TAKEN AWAY FROM SO MANY IN A SINGLE AFTERNOON.

DON'T WORRY, IF WE PUT YOUR SEVERED *HAND* ON ICE, THEY CAN PROBABLY REATTACH IT.

THE SWORD! MUST HAVE THE *SWORD!*

AH, SWEET DESPAIR.

STAY AWAY FROM US!

ZOMBIES... COVER MY ESCAPE!

MIZERY IS GETTING AWAY!

LET HER GO...

I NEED... UNHH...

MEANWHILE, IN A NEARBY PENTHOUSE APARTMENT...

OH, WOULD YOU PLEASE GIVE IT A REST?! I ALREADY KILLED YOU TWO OR THREE TIMES NOW.

THAT'S THE PROBLEM WITH FIGHTING ZOMBIES. THEY DON'T FALL DOWN AND DIE.

THAT, AND THE SMELL.

I DON'T THINK IT'LL EVER COME OUT OF THE CARPETS AND UPHOLSTERY.

BLAM

BLAMM

THE DOORBELL... NO WAY AM I ANSWERING THAT. LAST TIME IT WAS A HORDE OF UNINVITED ZOMBIES.

Ding Dong

THEY CAN JUST KEEP RINGING ALL DAY. I HAVE MORE IMPORTANT THINGS TO WORRY ABOUT.

LIKE MY CELL PHONE!

HELLO?

HI, TANYA! YOU'LL NEVER GUESS WHAT HAPPENED. WE GOT A VISIT FROM THE PUSHIEST BUNCH OF ZOMBIES. IT WAS ALMOST AS BAD AS WHEN THE JEHOVAH'S WITNESSES CAME LAST MONTH.

WHAT DO YOU MEAN, "ANSWER THE DOOR?"

I LOST MY PURSE IN A SCUFFLE DOWNTOWN AND I DON'T HAVE MY KEYS.

OH MY GOD, IT'S *PANDORA!* IS SHE OKAY?

I THINK SHE'S HURT PRETTY BAD.

WE HAD TO FIGHT OUR WAY BACK HERE THROUGH AN ARMY OF ZOMBIES. WHERE WERE YOU ALL THIS TIME, MICHELLE?

SORRY, I WAS PREOCCUPIED WITH A LITTLE HOUSE-CLEANING.

DEFTONES

LOOKERS

GATES OF PARADISE PART 4

AT LAST WE ARE ALONE.

WE CAN DIE TOGETHER, JUST YOU AND I. WE CAN BE DEAD TONIGHT.

ALONE AND DEAD, TOGETHER.

SHE IS PATHETIC.

I TOLD YOU, BESET, IF WE USE INFERIOR MATERIALS, WE GET AN INFERIOR PRODUCT.

THE SWORD DESPAIR IS SECOND TO NONE. ITS POWER IS LEGENDARY.

I CAN GRAFT THIS PROSTHETIC HAND ONTO HER HERE AND NOW, BUT I CAN'T CURE HER SPIRIT.

BUT THIS WOMAN IS *DEFECTIVE*. SHE HAS A SELF-DESTRUCTIVE NATURE, A WEAKNESS OF SPIRIT THAT MAKES HER CRUMBLE UNDER PRESSURE.

AS YOU CAN SEE.

WELL... YOU ARE THE MECHANICIAN, VULCAN. *FIX* HER.

DON'T WORRY, I AM A DEMON LORD. I CAN MOTIVATE THE DAMNED.

LISTEN CLOSELY: I KNOW ALL ABOUT THE FETUS ON THE COAT-HANGER.

Y-YOU DO?

I ALSO KNOW ABOUT THE FATHER. HE PUT INTO THE GARBAGE DISPOSAL PIECE BY BLOODY PIECE.

HE WAS A *BASTARD!*

I KNOW. HOW WOULD YOU LIKE TO SPEND ETERNITY IN A SMALL ROOM WITH HIM?

I WILL SLAY HIM AGAIN WITH MY SWORD, DESPAIR.

...WITHOUT *THE SWORD.*

NO, PLEASE... DON'T TAKE THE SWORD! ANYTHING BUT THAT!

YOU HAVE GATHERED SOME FEW SOULS INTO THE SWORD, BUT I NEED MORE... THOUSANDS... MILLIONS. THE KILLING MUST CONTINUE,

I WILL KILL. I WILL GLADLY KILL EVERYONE.

DON'T FAIL ME AGAIN, MIZERY.

THAT SHOULD DO THE TRICK. I'M SURPRISED YOUR SKIN IS NOT TOUGHER, CONSIDERING YOUR STRENGTH AND RESILIENCE.

I NORMALLY HEAL MUCH FASTER, BUT THAT SWORD CUT MORE THAN MY BODY.

"THE SWORD KNOWN AS DESPAIR IS AN ARTIFACT OF TREMENDOUS EVIL. FORGED BY VULCAN IN THE FIRES OF THE UNDERWORLD, EMPOWERED BY PROMETHEUS, IT NOW CONTAINS THE ESSENCE AND ARCANE MIGHT OF THE VAMPIRE GOD KNOWN AS DESPAIR.

"DESPAIR RULED THE EARTH BEFORE THE TIME OF GODS OR MAN, UNTIL ATLAS BATTLED AND DEFEATED THE ELDER VAMPIRE, IMPRISONING HIM WITHIN THE SWORD.

"A DEMONESS NAMED TRANCE STOLE THE SWORD, BUT SOON IT FELL INTO THE HANDS OF BESET AND THE TRIARCHS.

"USING JUST A FRACTION OF THE SWORD'S POWER, THE TRIARCHS EMPOWERED THREE HUMAN SUBJECTS, TRANSFORMING THEM INTO THE RAVENING.

"THE RAVENING SEEK THE SWORD TO THIS DAY, HOPING TO FREE DESPAIR FROM HIS IMPRISONMENT.

"NOW A NEW CREATURE NAMED *MIZERY* IS RUNNING RAMPANT WITH THE SWORD."

SOMEHOW MIZERY HAS TAPPED THE NECROMANTIC POWERS OF THE BLADE, DRAINING THE SOULS OF HER VICTIMS AND LEAVING UNDEAD SHELLS.

SHE COULDN'T BE DOING THAT WITHOUT SOME OUTSIDE HELP, PERHAPS FROM THE SWORD ITSELF.

YOU TALK ABOUT THIS SWORD AS IF IT WERE *ALIVE*.

IT IS.

DAMN THAT BESET!

BESET THRIVES ON DAMNATION.

SHUT UP, JUST SHUT UP! GET OUT OF MY *HEAD!*

WE ARE ONE. YOURS IS THE HAND. MINE IS THE THIRST.

YOU WANT BLOOD? I HAVE GIVEN YOU BLOOD! HERE IS MORE BLOOD!

BLOOD, BLOOD, BLOOD, BLOOD!

SATISFIED?

NEVER.

BUT THERE WAS ONE WHOSE SPIRIT WE TASTED RECENTLY... MORE POWERFUL THAN THE OTHERS. HERS IS THE BLOOD OF AN IMMORTAL.

AND IF WE FEED YOU THE BLOOD AND SOUL OF THIS IMMORTAL, OH BLADE OF DESPAIR?

THEN THE GATES OF PARADISE WILL OPEN BEFORE US.

TAKE ME TO HER.

WELL, I'M GOING TO TAKE A SHOWER WHILE WE ARE HERE.

YEAH, I NEED TO FIND SOMETHING TO WEAR FOR COMBAT.

JESUS, YOU GUYS ARE WORSE THAN ROACHES!

MAN, THIS IS DISGUSTING!

NOW I THINK I NEED A SHOWER WITH BLEACH.

IS MIZERY STEALING SOULS ON BEHALF OF SOME GREATER POWER?

IS SHE PLOTTING FOR MY SOUL, OR WAS OUR MEETING HAPPENSTANCE?

MANA-POOL

PRIMITIVISM

LOST IN THE PROCESS

OTOMOTO

NAO PAO KAOI

I THINK SHE'S LOOKING FOR YOU IN PARTICULAR, PANDORA.

SO IT WOULD SEEM.

I AM *MIZERY*. I AM *DESPAIR*.

YOU MUST *DIE*, SO THAT I CAN FIND PEACE!

YOU THINK YOU CAN ACHIEVE SALVATION THROUGH AN ACT OF VIOLENCE?

I THINK THAT WITH THE BLOOD OF AN IMMORTAL, EVEN THE ***DAMNED*** MAY ENTER HEAVEN.

NEVER!

COME ON, WE HAVE TO ***HELP HER!***

TANYA, WE'RE TWENTY-THREE STORIES UP AND THEY JUST JUMPED OUT A WINDOW.

YOU MIGHT NOT HAVE ESCAPED FROM THE BOX, BUT MY DAGGER HOPE WILL BANISH YOU THERE JUST THE SAME. YOUR SOUL IS AS BLACK AS ANY DEMON'S.

LOOKERS

GATES OF PARADISE PART 5

WHERE DID YOU GET THAT SWORD?

IT'S MINE! I SHALL USE IT TO REND YOUR SOUL FROM YOUR BODY AND THROW OPEN THE *GATES OF PARADISE!*

MY SOUL IS NO TICKET TO HEAVEN. QUITE THE OPPOSITE.

WHAT MASTER DO YOU SERVE? VULCAN? BESET?

BESET...

BESET IS MY ONLY FRIEND.

HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA!

WHY ARE YOU LAUGHING?

OH, MIZERY, I'M SORRY, BUT DON'T YOU SEE... BESET IS A DEMON. HE *WILL* BETRAY AND TORMENT YOU. THAT'S WHAT HE DOES.

NO! HE GAVE ME THIS SWORD! HE GAVE ME *PURPOSE!*

HE'S USING YOU.

HE SAID...

...HE SAID I COULD GO TO HEAVEN.

NO, THAT IS **NOT** WHAT I SAID.

I SAID THAT ONCE THE SWORD DRINKS ENOUGH SOULS, WE WILL HAVE THE POWER WE NEED TO BREAK INTO PARADISE.

I NEVER SAID *YOU* WOULD ACCOMPANY US. WE JUST NEED YOU AND THE SWORD TO OPEN THE WAY.

THREE MILLION DEMONIC WARRIORS ARE GATHERED AT THE BASE OF PURGATORY, PREPARING FOR THE ASSAULT.

I WILL MAKE IT EASY FOR YOU, MIZERY. I WILL HOLD PANDORA HELPLESS. ALL YOU HAVE TO DO IS SLAY HER.

SO BE IT.

BUT... I DON'T KNOW.

WHAT?!

SHE SAID YOU'D BETRAY ME, AND SHE WAS RIGHT.

I NEVER PROMISED YOU HEAVEN, MIZERY. YOU CAME TO ME AS A DAMNED SOUL, A SUICIDE. I TRANSFORMED YOU, MADE YOU INTO WHAT YOU ARE. YOU BELONG TO ME.

SHE WAS A LOST SOUL, BUT SHE WASN'T DEAD WHEN YOU TOOK HER, BESET. I CAN STILL SENSE A SPARK OF LIFE WITHIN HER.

SHE WAS *VIRTUALLY* DEAD.

IF SHE NEVER DIED, SHE WAS NEVER TRULY DAMNED. THAT MEANS SHE STILL HAS A CHOICE.

NO, YOU'RE A DAMNED SOUL, AND YOU MUST DO AS I *COMMAND!* AND I COMMAND YOU TO **SLAY PANDORA!**

AAAAAAA!

YES... YES...

DIE! DIE! DIE!

NOOOOOO!

IF YOU HAD A HEART, BESET, THAT STRIKE SURELY WOULD HAVE KILLED YOU.

LET'S FINISH HIM OFF!

YOU HAVE MADE A GRAVE ERROR TODAY, MIZERY. YOUR DAMNATION IS NOT SO EASILY UNDONE. I LOOK FORWARD TO THE FINAL ACCOUNTING.

I FAILED. I ALWAYS FAIL.

YOU'RE WRONG. TODAY WAS A GREAT VICTORY... YOU PREVAILED.

DON'T ACT LIKE YOU KNOW ME! YOU *DON'T* KNOW ME!

WHOA!

IT'S NO ACT. I'M ONLY TRYING TO...

...HELP.

JUST LEAVE ME ALONE.

SHE BEARS HER BITTERNESS WITH A VENGEANCE. I ONLY PRAY SHE FINDS THE PEACE SHE SEEKS, BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE.

THERE GOES ANOTHER SECURITY DEPOSIT.

I WAS READY TO REDECORATE ANYWAY.

MIZERY AND BESET HAVE DEPARTED. ALL IS WELL, FOR NOW.

BESET? I DON'T THINK I MET HIM. IS HE A HUNK?

TRUST ME, MICHELLE, YOU WOULD NOT LIKE BESET. HE SMELLS OF BRIMSTONE.

YUCK!

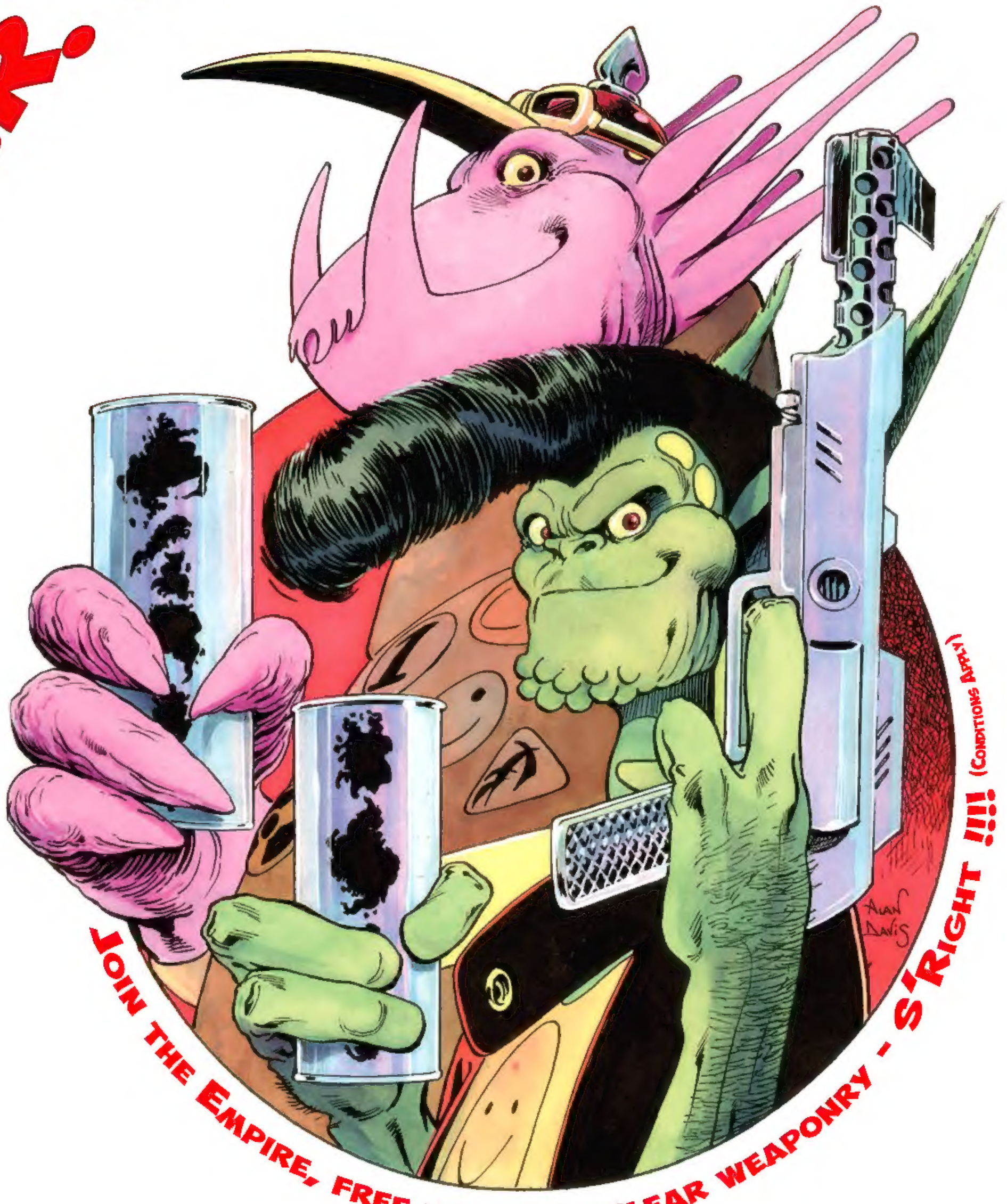
The End

RADIOHEA
JEREMY
ROCK

ROCK

ROCK

D.R. & QUINCH



JOIN THE EMPIRE, FREE THERMONUCLEAR WEAPONRY - S'RIGHT !!!! (CONDITIONS APPLY)

K6 NW